

The TATLER

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Three In The Garden : Sir George and Lady Franckenstein and Clemence

Sir George Franckenstein, former Austrian Minister in London, married in July, 1939, Miss Editha Keppel King, daughter of the late Capt. N. Keppel King, R.N., and their son, Clemence, was born last May. Sir George (formerly Baron) Franckenstein was Austrian Minister in London for eighteen years until 1938, when his country was annexed by the Germans. Always a good friend of this country where he is very popular, he became in that year a naturalized British subject and received a knighthood. He and his wife and son were photographed in the garden of a house near Ascot



Watching a Demonstration

Lt.-Gen. C. F. Keightley, Commander of the 5th Corps, watched with interest a demonstration by flame-throwing tanks somewhere on the 8th Army Front. Gen. Keightley, formerly commanded the 30th Armoured Brigade



Fifth Army Chief

American Lt.-Gen. Lucian Truscott succeeded Lt.-Gen. Mark Clark as Commander of the 5th Army. He has wide experience as a commander and a staff officer, working in close accord with the British Services



Generals in a Jeep

Lt.-Gen. Mark Clark, with Lt.-Gen. S. C. Kirkman, 13th Corps Commander, visited British 5th Army divisions in a jeep. Gen. Clark is now C.-in-C. the Allied Group of Armies in Italy in place of Field Marshal Alexander



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Shock

WHATEVER may be the immediate results from the military point of view of the series of Russian offensives aimed against the Germans, there is no doubt that the Nazis have received a profound shock. It is a shock which has shaken the Reich from top to bottom in a way the Germans have not experienced before in this war. While the Russians have proclaimed their confidence in the ultimate victory of their arms and the eventual achievements of their final objective, we cannot at this moment of writing assume anything more than the fact that the Germans have been temporarily thrown off their balance. This in itself is something of vital consequence to the progress of this war as I will explain later.

But it is a difficult military feat to maintain the initial momentum for an offensive for a prolonged period. At some point the maximum power of the punch, or punches, must be achieved and there has to be a pause. This is what we must look for at any moment. Even the Russians themselves admit as much, not by any actual words, but by the caution of some of their comments which carry official weight. The most efficient military organization could hardly be expected to feed such a series of rapid advances. Already the Russians have achieved miracles. They must be miracles otherwise the Germans would not have exposed themselves to such an exhibition of hysterical exhortations as we have witnessed since the Russians began their winter campaign.

Collapse

IF the Germans were surprised by the power and variety of the Russian offensive, if they

have really believed that they could win the war, if this latest development is as deep a shock as I believe it is, if German faith has been rudely shaken, then anything can happen in Germany. The most efficient political organization cannot compete with such a series of potentially devastating reactions. There must be a collapse at some point. This is an opinion held by people in contact with neutrals who have some knowledge of events in Germany. Strangely enough people who for a long time have believed in the ultimate collapse of Germany are not now quite as certain that the end will come in this way. They believe that the Germans will fight on until there are nothing more than guerilla bands left in the hills around Berchtesgaden. At this stage, of course, it is all a matter of conjecture. It is difficult not to assume that the Germans have planned how to deal with the most extreme emergency. They are organizers by nature, and they do not leave things to chance. The Nazis, from the moment of their inception, have shown efficiency in this direction in the highest degree. But the pressure now being imposed on them is heavier than ever before. In the last war Germany was never threatened as she is today. Above all, her armies had won a battle at Tannenberg, and not lost it as they have done to the Russians in this campaign. The psychological effect of so much that has happened in the last fortnight must be profound in every German mind.

Crack

EVEN if German propaganda has consistently sounded the gloomy note in preparation for the glorious deeds of final resistance, there are

aspects of the present situation which must crack the spirit of a people. Even if the hopes of the ordinary man and woman can continue to be buoyed up by bogus appeals to their courage, there must be among the leaders one or more who begins to doubt, and suddenly sees the ghastly picture of approaching fate. If he cannot stand the sight, he must crack.

I have always believed that the collapse of Germany must start at the top, and if a crack is coming in the near future, it can only be among those who are nearest to Hitler. The people can suffer and complain and attempt to revolt, but their efforts can mean very little. This was proved after the unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life last July. Without the support of the highest in the land there is no hope for any revolt. The hand that strikes down Hitler and his colleagues, and smashes the Nazi edifice, and brings about Germany's collapse must be that of somebody like Goering or Himmler or Goebbels, or more likely still, of Field Marshal von Rundstedt's kind. The sudden dispatch of Himmler to the east front to organize resistance to the Russians, has a curious ring about it. What can Himmler do? It seems to me to be nothing more than an act of desperation that he should be sent to organize soldiers in the middle of a campaign. Strange things have happened on the eastern front before, they may happen to Himmler if he is not careful. In any case, it cannot be a mission that he can relish. The odds are now too heavily weighted against the Germans.

Caution

FROM a military point of view—as distinct from the political considerations which I have been dealing with—we can assume that the Russians, in organizing this great winter offensive, calculated their prospects with the greatest care. They could not afford to leave anything to chance, nor could they allow themselves, either before and since the initial successes, to be led away by over-confidence. In these circumstances there can be no doubt of the Russian determination, and the plans to achieve their ultimate objective. This is to defeat

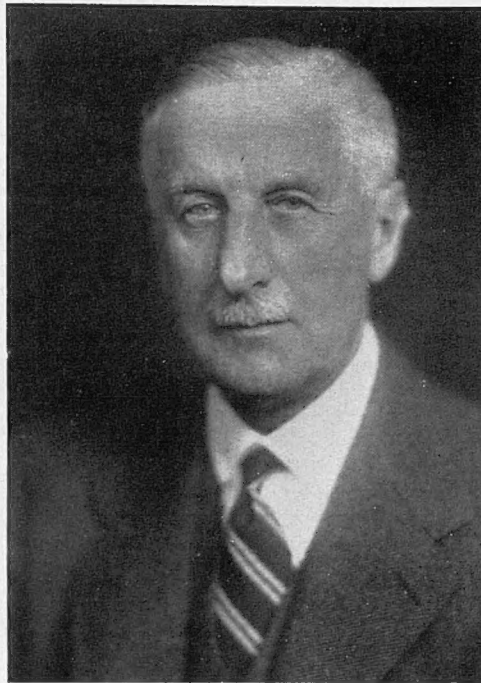
Germany at whatever point the Germans choose to make their last stand; to smash Germany, and to render her militarily helpless for many years to come.

All the information which comes from Moscow underlines these elementary aims. It is difficult to imagine that the military machine which Marshal Stalin has created can now fail. Russian transport organization, communications, and the Russian air force, of which so little was heard at the opening of the offensive, are formidable. But I repeat that in all probability as great as any other weapon in the Russian armoury was the element of surprise with which they assailed the Germans. It is now an accepted fact that the Germans were taken by surprise when the Russians attacked, both by the timing and the weight of the various offensives. It appears that the Germans really thought that the major offensive would come in the west and not in the east. They imagined that the Russians would hold back until they had received all-round recognition for the Lublin Committee as the sole government of Poland before attacking.

In making this political miscalculation the Germans ordered Field Marshal von Rundstedt to attack in the west at such heavy cost and with such complete failure. This is why the effect of recent events can be more calculated to cause the crash of Nazism. It was the leaders who made the mistake, and the leaders who know the cost more than the people of Germany can know. It is true, of course, that the ordinary people can use their imagination, and in a crisis such as now faces Germany imagination can be most dangerous to the most oppressive rule.

Meeting

By the tone and content of his Inauguration Address on assuming his fourth term of office, President Roosevelt gave further indication of his determination to do his utmost to bring about the full co-operation of the United



Bertram Park

New Job for Lord Gowrie

The King has appointed the Earl of Gowrie, V.C., until recently Governor-General of Australia, to succeed Lord Wigram as Deputy Constable and Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle

States with other Powers in trying to establish and maintain peace after the war. It was one of the President's briefest speeches, but in the circumstances it can be regarded as the most significant. Once again he has given the American people a lead. He has warned them that they must accept responsibilities in the world at large, that they must be good neigh-

bours, and that peace depends on their doing their part as much as anything else. It is a good augury for the Three Power Meeting between himself, Marshal Stalin, and Mr. Churchill.

Unofficially news was allowed to leak out of Washington almost simultaneously that the United States Government will support the strongest measures for ensuring the disarmament of Germany after the war. This is one of the big issues which will come before the Three Power Conference. The Russians are quite clear in their own minds what they wish to be done, but there appears to be an unnecessary atmosphere of doubt regarding the policies of Britain and America. It may be nothing more than a question of emphasis and degree, but whatever it is there must be no delay in attaining an agreed policy.

Stubborn

KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA will soon be twenty-two, but already he has shown himself to be a young man of purpose and of courage. In spite of every form of pressure he has refused to be deflected from what he believes to be his constitutional responsibilities and rights. The results of his recent actions may cost him his throne, but he feels that he will be justified ultimately. His dismissal of his Prime Minister, Dr. Ivan Subasic, came about because King Peter did not feel it was right to accept the agreement with Marshal Tito for the creation of a Regency Council, which would eventually organize a plebiscite to decide the future of the Monarchy, without insisting on certain reservations being clearly understood and agreed. In other words, King Peter does not feel that he is entitled to accept responsibility for any actions of the Regency Council in Yugoslavia prior to the plebiscite. He thinks that if there is suffering and political complications in Yugoslavia, with which his name can be associated, the plebiscite might be prejudiced.



Canadian Guests at Admiralty House

The Hon. Angus Macdonald, Canadian Naval Minister, and Vice-Admiral G. C. Jones, C.B., R.C.N., Chief of Canadian Naval Staff, were entertained to tea by Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mrs. Alexander. They are seen with their host and hostess after taking part in conferences with the First Lord and the First Sea Lord



A Flag Officer and His Staff

Rear-Admiral C. E. Morgan, D.S.O., is Flag Officer Taranto and Adriatic and for Liaison with the Italians. This picture shows him with his staff: Lt. J. W. Kentish, R.N.V.R., Capt. C. H. Duffett, D.S.O., and Lt.-Cdr. G. H. L. Kütson, R.N.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

French, English and American

By James Agate

IT was really very naughty of Studio One to put *L'Homme Qui Cherche La Vérité* in the same programme as the revival of *The Man in Grey*. This is one of those pieces of Regency twaddle in which the English film shows itself at its very worst. I think there are two reasons for this. First, the lesser English actors have never learned to wear costume. I am not referring here to the great romantic actors of our stage whose fault—if it be a fault—was that they could not wear modern dress. Irving in modern dress looked like a seaside phrenologist, Forbes-Robertson like an auctioneer's clerk, Lewis Waller like a shop-walker, and Fred Terry like an unusually prepossessing game-keeper. But that is the obverse side of the medal. There are a number of very good actors, both on the legitimate stage and in the pictures who in costume are merely ridiculous. I suppose Robert Benchley gives me as much pleasure as anybody on the screen. Yet if you were to put him into romantic clothes I feel he would be no nearer romantic truth than Charles Hawtrey when he appeared in *Lord and Lady Algy*.

THIS brings me to my second point. This is that male film-stars in this country are film-stars, not because they can act, but because they have nice long noses or sleek foreheads or something of the sort. There are exceptions, of course. But the fact remains that if a young man has a good photogenic profile one picture will make him a star even if he hasn't enough acting talent to carry in the tea-things in a play at Kew. As for the young ladies—always with one or two exceptions—the British director seems to have taken as his slogan:—

So dumb but so beautiful.
So dumb that it hurts,
And I don't care how dumb you are,
So long as you're beautiful. . . .

I DIDN'T believe the other evening in a single thing that any man, woman, child, horse or dog did or thought or said or neighed or barked in the absurd Regency story. Whereas I passionately believed in all the actors in the French film. Think of the principals: Raimu, Almerie, Gabrielle Dorziat, Jacqueline Delubac. But then one expects these people to act. Raimu, for example, is a great comedian in the country which gave the world Coquelin. Also it's the smaller fry who are such good actors. Are they supposed to be cashiers, or croupiers or cabdrivers? Very well, they are cashiers and croupiers and cabdrivers. You accept them. They are so good that you never dream of thinking how good they are. Whereas about your English film-actor you say to yourself: "Isn't that Monty Mumble—such a clever young man. Let me see now, what did I see him in last? Was it *Topsy Turns Turtle* or *Bob's Your Uncle*? I remember he was awfully good as a ship's steward—I had no idea he could play a reception-clerk." The mere fact that you notice how good he is is clear proof that he's no good at all in the French sense.

THE film itself is a charming little piece of malice about an elderly banker who, by the simple device of pretending to be deaf, discovers that his employees detest him, that his family loathes him and that his mistress is deceiving him with his godson. The only flaw in an otherwise perfect little picture is that the banker appears to have never seen a play with the elder Guitry in it, because if he had he must have known that every elderly Frenchman who keeps a mistress is bound to be deceived by her. Indeed he is lucky if the young man is as respectable as a banker's godson is likely to be. In fact I remember a comedy in which Guitry insisted that he should approve his mistress's choice. But then the

whole matter was thoroughly explored long before Guitry—actually by Balzac, who divulged to the world the name given by mistress and her young man to any elderly protector—"le singe." Apart from this wee flaw the picture is witty and delightful. And no wonder, seeing that it is by that witty and delightful writer, Pierre Wolff. Whereas the English notion of introducing wit and delightfulness into a film is to get hold of some romantic bosh by moronic Virginia Creeper and have it adapted for the screen by half-witted Rhoda Dendron.

IT was almost an accident that I didn't miss *Winged Victory* (Tivoli). You see, I misread the title and thought it was going to be a hash-up of that play by Maxwell Anderson in which the dusky Princess Catseye, or some such name, who was accustomed to prancing about battlefields with her enemy's head on a spear, rescued an American Marine whom she married. In next to no time they had two children, if my memory serves me right, five and three years old. After which the Marine took his dusky spouse to his home-town, New Salem or some such place, only to find that local society refused to invite Mrs. Marine to their tea-parties for fear she might devour her children, mistake the teapot for a cuspidor, or do something equally unconventional. In the end Catseye took ship somewhere, and retiring to her cabin first slew her children and then swallowed poison—all in blank verse. With this nonsense in mind I nevertheless bethought me of my duty, and hid me to the Strand and there found myself gazing at several hundred young American airmen in training and making whoopee. And as whoopee is the last thing the good Maxwell Anderson is capable of making I realized that the picture had nothing to do with his preposterous play. And then it came to me that the Anderson rubbish was called *Wingless Victory*.

INDEED *Winged Victory* turned out to be excellent entertainment. That is if you are entertained by two hours of continuous back-slapping and chest-thumping, and of high spirits in comparison with which a cage full of chattering monkeys would be called a moper. Nevertheless, the film has been put together with so much respect for the simple virtues, and the phenomena of courtship, marriage and parenthood, plus the inevitable smashing of an egg or two in the omelette called war, that the picture was at times quite moving. Is it possible that the piece does not at any time begin to be a work of art? Possible, indeed. On the other hand it is an extremely skilful concoction; and why shouldn't it be, since it is the work of that extremely skilful concoctor, Moss Hart? Let me end by saying that I was profoundly grateful for one thing. This was that I didn't recognize a single face in the whole of the enormous cast, most of it drawn from the U.S. Army Air Forces. I have pleasure in certifying that the most amateurish of these boys can act any Hollywood film star off the stage and round the back to the other side.



Winged Victory is the name of a plane—a beautiful shining new plane—manned by a crew of young men, Pinky (Cpl. Don Taylor), Frankie (Pvt. Lon McCallister) and Alan (Sgt. Mark Daniels) who have been friends since boyhood. The film tells of their experience from the day their call-up papers arrived until their final baptism under fire. The boys' wives are played by Jo-Carroll Dennison; Judy Holliday and Jeanne Crain. "I didn't recognize a single face in the whole of the enormous cast," says Agate, and goes on, "the most amateurish of these boys can act any Hollywood film star off the stage"



Anne Crawford, whose latest screen performance as the beauty of the trio in the Gainsborough film version of Dorothy Whipple's novel, "They Were Sisters," is likely to prove an outstanding landmark in her career, is now in North West Europe. She is on a long Ensa tour which is to include visits to front line fighting units of the Allied Armies in France and Belgium

Something For The Boys



Tunbridge Sedgwick

Roberta Huby gives an idea of what a Forces Favourite should look like in this year of grace, 1945. This is one of her sketches in the George Black show, "Strike It Again," at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Roberta has progressed far since her early performances at the Ambassadors Theatre, where she appeared in "Other People's Houses," and in "The New Ambassadors Revue"



Fred Daniels

Beryl Davis, twenty-year-old singing daughter of band leader Harry Davis, who is also the compere of Oscar Rabin's well-known broadcasting band, has just completed her two thousandth performance in concerts for the services and war workers all over the country. Beryl made her film debut in the British picture, "Starlight Serenade"

Gabrielle Brune is going back to Italy very shortly after a holiday at home which she has spent answering letters from admirers all over the world. She brought back with her a large batch of letters and messages which had to be forwarded to the friends and relations of men in the Middle East Forces. In private life Gabrielle is the wife of Colonel Walter Currie, the first officer in the U.S. Army to be commissioned in this country

Tunbridge Sedgwick



The Theatre

"Uncle Vanya" (New)

By Horace Horsnell

LESS than forty years ago Chekhov was unknown in this country. Neither his name nor his plays had been heard of by the public. Today he is a darling of the gods, a name for the box office to conjure with. Yet his debut was not auspicious, nor was his popularity readily achieved. From all accounts, the pioneer performances of his plays in English were rum affairs that puzzled the elect and philistine wits were not slow to parody.

When the Stage Society presented *The Cherry Orchard*, generally considered his masterpiece, what was then assumed to be the most advanced audience in London did not receive it with general acclamations. On the contrary. There was much contemptuous commentary, some hissing, even a protesting exodus by members of the audience while the play was in progress. Time and better acquaintance have changed all that. Today Chekhov shares with Ibsen and Shaw, neither of whom he resembles, the real if still slightly exotic status of a classic.

Uncle Vanya, which has been frequently and well played, has now been added to the fine repertory of the Old Vic Company at the New Theatre, thus joining Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* and two other early works, Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* and Shaw's *Arms and the Man*.

Like Turgeniev, whose influence may be felt in *Uncle Vanya*, Chekhov has a poet's sense of pathos which is deep rather than sentimental. He does not

scruple to expose the self-pitying foibles of his characters, even to burlesque their excesses. This apparent contradiction in his sympathies has misled producers and players in the past to stress the "gloom" at the expense of the comedy in his plays, and invite us to sigh where pundits assure us Russian audiences chuckle.

There is undoubtedly rich material in *Uncle*



Uncle Vanya (Ralph Richardson) falls deeply, if despondently in love with Yelena (Margaret Leighton), the beautiful young second wife of his brother-in-law, the Professor



The Professor (Harcourt Williams) behaving like a spoilt baby because of a pain in his foot is taken off to bed by Marina (Sybil Thorndike), the family nurse. Telyegin (George Relph), who is known as "Waffles" because of his pock-marked face, tries to bring comfort by his music

Vanya for the champions of Chekhov's gloom to play with. Few, if any, of its characters seem truly happy or contented. They have affinities to Mrs. Gummidge, and look on the dark side of things. Despite ease, leisure and material comfort in plenty, their lives in the country seem insuperably overcast.

They reveal themselves to us less by their response to immediate events, which are few, than by their complaints, which are many, and their submission to fate, which they lack the vitality to oppose. They live in dreams—wishful dreams of love, social betterment, the past—fostered by indolence. And when they do engage in action, the result is usually pathetic anti-climax.

Modern events in Russia may have done much to render the externals of this picture obsolete, but there is great beauty in it, and timeless truth; a Virgilian quality that haunts the imagination and defies the vagaries of fashion.

THE production by John Burrell, if a little on the sombre side, is admirable; the scenery and costumes by Tania Moiseiwitsch have delightful effects. The first act is a conversation piece set in a garden on a summer afternoon. This introduces the characters and establishes their identity. The centre of interest is Yelena, the old professor's young wife, sitting in a swing, silent, bored, beautiful; loved by all the men but favouring none. At the table in the shadow the old nurse presides over the samovar, while the rest of the company exchange egotistical soliloquies. See in these two characters symbols if you must.

The acting is excellent. Beauty coupled with discretion will carry an actress far with such a part as Yelena, and Miss Margaret Leighton has both in a marked degree. Wisfulness backed by common sense gives Miss Joyce Redman's tragic little Sonya a guarded strength. Ralph Richardson's *Uncle Vanya* is a warm,

Sketches by

Tom Titt



Sonya (Joyce Redman) the Professor's daughter by his first wife, begs Astrov (Laurence Olivier) to give up drinking

firm study of defeat by irresolution; Laurence Olivier gives the doctor the benefit of his own voice and virility, and Mr. Harcourt Williams, as the professor, touches off that testy valetudinarian to the life. These are the leading characters. Two lesser ones remain—the old nurse so beautifully played by Dame Sybil Thorndike, and the guitar-playing factotum of George Relph. These, though of little narrative importance, stand out by virtue of their beauty and truth, and give to minor parts a major status. Both are exquisitely done.



The frieze of maskers against a balustrade makes a background of fantasy for part of the ballet's action. In front are Robert Helpmann as the Young Man, and Margot Fonteyn as the Flower Girl with whose heart he heartlessly trifles

Back to Paris

Frederick Ashton's "Nocturne,"
Revived by the Sadler's Wells
Ballet, Symbolises Many a
Nostalgia

Photographs by Edward Mandinian

● **Nocturne**, Frederick Ashton's ballet about Paris, set to Delius' "Paris" music, was revived during the last week of the Sadler's Wells Ballet's recent season at the Princes Theatre. Ashton himself made his first appearance on the stage since he joined the R.A.F. in 1941, at the evening performances of the ballet, taking his original role as the Spectator whose compassionate observation is a quiet counterpoint to the ebb and flow of the ballet's action. Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann also take their original roles; Pamela May dances that of the Young Girl. The Sadler's Wells Ballet is now in Paris. The Company is giving a week's ENSA season there, which is to be followed by a month in Brussels, a week in Eindhoven, and then probably a return to Brussels and Paris under the auspices of the British Council



Pamela May is the Young Girl whose beauty and allure out-rival the Flower Girl's gentle charm



Margot Fonteyn is the Flower Girl



Robert Helpmann is the Young Man



Frederick Ashton is the Spectator

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

En Route for Australia

Now that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are well on their way to Australia, the well-kept secret of their departure from London last month can be revealed. Both Their Majesties and the Duchess of Kent came to Euston Station on the Saturday morning when the Royal travellers left in a special train on the first stage of their long journey across the world, and there was, for half an hour or so, a Royal family party on the platform. The King, in Field-Marshal's uniform, had a good deal to say to his brother, presumably on the various important Empire questions that will fall to the Duke's lot in his capacity as Governor-General, while the Queen—still in mourning for her father—and the Duchess of Kent, warmly wrapped in a long mink coat, chatted to the Duchess. For the Duchess of Kent, who would, had things been different, have gone out herself with her husband as Governor-General five years ago, the occasion

brought sad and painful memories, and there were tears in her eyes as she kissed her sister-in-law good-bye.

To ease the travelling arrangements, the two Gloucester children, Prince William and baby Prince Richard, were picked up en route in the Midlands, where they had driven direct from Barnwell Manor. The Royal party travelled in a private saloon coach, lent them by Lord Royden, chief of the L.M.S. Railway, and joined their ship at Liverpool, making the journey via Gibraltar and Malta, at both of which places they disembarked.

Others present at the station to see them off were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord and Lady Cranborne, Mr. S. M. Bruce (High Commissioner for Australia) and Mrs. Bruce, Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas, Miss Eva Sandford, Lady Margaret Hawkins, Lord and Lady Raleigh, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Guy Strutt, the Duchess della Grazia, Col. Howard Kerr and Lt.-Col. "Tim" Nugent.

The Fourth Generation *Swabe*

The Dowager Lady Melchett is seen here with her granddaughter, Mrs. Michael Noble, and her great-granddaughters, Catherine and Mary Noble. Mrs. Noble was Anne Pearson, and is the daughter of Sir Neville Pearson and the late Hon. Mrs. Hordern



Lieut.-Col. F. H. Sutton, seen above with Mrs. Sutton, gave his daughter away at her marriage to Major McCalmont



Here are Lady Ainsworth and Major Dermot McCalmont, the bridegroom's father. He is Master of the Kilkenny Hounds



Major John Bowlby was best man to Major McCalmont, and Miss Maureen Roche was a wedding guest



Swabe
The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, Lord Bethell's daughter-in-law, brought her son, Guy, to the wedding

The McCalmont—Sutton Wedding

Major Victor H. H. McCalmont, The Royal Dragoons, son of Major Dermot McCalmont and the late Lady Helen McCalmont, married Miss Beryl Susan Sutton, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. Sutton, of Tillington House, Petworth, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Naval Occasions

LONDON had two important "naval occasions" within a couple of days a week back, both of them luncheons, and both of them more than usually pleasant and happy functions. First was the luncheon of the Navy League, which, as Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Chairman of the League, remarked, was a much smaller gathering for the jubilee than would have been the case in normal times. Nevertheless, it was a very representative body of guests who heard Mr. A. V. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty, express their Lordships' deep appreciation of the work the Navy League has done to keep the public "navy-minded," and, above all, for its provision, through the Sea Cadet Corps, of a reserve of young enthusiasts for the sea, equipped with a sound, basic training.

Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, made one of his rare public appearances at this function: and others I noticed were Admiral Sir William James,



Lord Craigavon's Son is Christened

Janrie Fraser Craig, son of Lieut.-Cdr. Viscount Craigavon, R.N.V.R., and Viscountess Craigavon, was christened in Cape Town. His small sister was at the ceremony with her parents. Lord Craigavon is on the staff of the C-in-C, South Atlantic

close unity between the Royal Navy, the Royal Naval Reserve and the Merchant Navy.

Anchorites, by the way, owe their title to no connection with the recluses and hermits of old. The name is derived from the silver anchors which are used as table ornaments by the Club.

Ninety-Second Birthday

"WHEN you have less breath, you have more candles to blow out!" said the nonagenarian Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton at his recent birthday party, but blow out ninety-two candles on the cake he did most successfully. The years only seem to add to Sir Ian's joie de vivre, and at his party this year he had invited twenty-five boys from the Gordon Boys' School at Woking, in which he takes a great personal interest. This is due to the fact that he himself, over sixty years ago, took part in the rescue expedition which unfortunately arrived too late in the Sudan to save Gen. Gordon, in whose memory the school was founded.

(Continued on page 138)



A. Hope, Northampton

Named After the Queen

To have the Queen as her godmother is the good fortune of Elizabeth, baby daughter of Lieut. Christopher and Lady Anne Wake-Walker. Her mother, seen with her here, is Earl and Countess Spencer's only daughter, and her father is a son of the Third Sea Lord

Admiral Sir Charles Kennedy-Purvis (Deputy First Sea Lord), Mr. L. S. Amery, Sir Eustace Pulbrook (Chairman of Lloyd's), Lord Winster, Lady Lloyd, Lady Hannon (who are members of the executive committee), Lord Bennett, Sir H. Markham, Sir Felix Pole, G/Capt. Maude, and half-a-dozen or more assorted Vice-Admirals and Rear-Admirals.

Anchorites' Luncheon

THE second "occasion" was the luncheon given by the Anchorites, in honour of the Merchant Navy, and Mr. A. V. Alexander was again the principal speaker. Admiral Larsen, of the Royal Norwegian Navy, who commands the Norwegian naval flyers, was at the head of a large number of Norwegian Navy officers present, and there were Poles and Dutch Fleet officers as well.

Cdre. Sir Arthur Baxter, whose mild voice disguises the fact that he has personally led several hundred convoys in safety through the hazards of the Atlantic crossing, received many congratulations on his knighthood, and another guest of distinction was Sir Philip Devitt, head of the famous firm that once built the best-known sailing-ships in the world. Sir Philip presented the Club with a silver replica of the three sea ensigns—White, Blue and Red—mounted on a piece of teak taken from the original Admiralty building, as a symbol of the



A Royal Visit to "Peter Pan"

The Duchess of Kent took the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra to see "Peter Pan" at the Stoll Theatre. After the show Walter Fitzgerald (left), who doubles the roles of Mr. Darling and Captain Hook, and Frances Day, this year's Peter Pan, were introduced to the Royal party

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode presented Sir Ian with a specially-bound copy of the history of the boys' school, and another Field-Marshal at the party was Lord Milne. A host of old friends, including Lady Violet Bonham-Carter (who lives near by), Lady Leconfield with Prince John Ghika, Sir George and Lady Arthur, Lady Baikie, Lady Plender, General Lewin, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest with her grandson, David Dodge, and Lady Moncrieff celebrated the anniversary with Sir Ian.

Wedding

ST. MARGARET'S, Westminster, was crowded for the wedding of Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin to Major Lord Roderic Pratt, and the reception afterwards at 18, Carlton House Terrace tested the accommodation in the library to the full. There the bride's parents, Capt. the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, R.N., and his wife, received a seemingly endless stream of relatives and friends. The bride looked quite lovely in her simply made frock of heavy white crepe, and carried a little muff instead of a bouquet. Orange-blossom decorated it and made the wreath which held in position a beautiful family veil of old Brussels lace. The two little girl bridesmaids, Lady Vivienne Nevill and little Miss Christina Pretymman, wore diaphanous dresses of white net with bright-red sashes matching the wreaths of flowers on their heads. The pages, Charles du Cane, George Jeffreys and Richard Gurowski, were in short red jackets and long white trousers.

The octogenarian Lord Dunraven came over from Ireland to see his granddaughter married, and the groom's mother, sister and brother—Joan Lady Camden, Lady Fiona Fuller and Lord Camden—were among his relatives to be seen. Attractive young married women abounded: they included Lady Sarah Russell, Princess George Galitzine, Mrs. Ivo Reid and Mrs. Henry Garnett. The bride's sisters, Marjorie and Pamela, were there, and Col. Astor was trying to make himself "as small as possible" (as he said) as he moved among the throng in his house.

London Roundabout

IN spite of the cold north wind, the welcome sunshine which came through after many overcast days found a lot of people walking to their destinations on the snow-sprinkled pavements. Mrs. "Geordie" Ward, one of the Countess of Westmorland's daughters, was hatless and holding her fur coat tightly round her as she reached a gusty street-corner; Mrs. Leo Partridge, also hatless but wrapped in a mink coat, was strolling down Bond Street (she is not often seen in London these days and has been working very hard during the war running a canteen in the Midlands);

(Concluded on page 152)



Arriving at the crowded wedding reception were the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, the Hon. Enid Paget, Miss Susan Winn, Señorita de Carcano and Lady Sarah Russell



Lady Claud Hamilton



Lady Ashley



The Countess of Leveson



Miss P. Newall, Capt. D. Buchanan, Lady Meyer and the Hon. H. Lumley-Savile



Mrs. Parker Bowles, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Astor and Capt. Tom Egerton



Mrs. Dick Kindersley and the Hon. Mrs. Neill Cooper-Key

Social Occasion

The Wedding of Major Lord Roderic Pratt
and Miss Wyndham-Quin



The bride's parents : Captain the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin. He gave away his daughter



The Bride's Attendants Inspect the Cake

The marriage of Major Lord Roderic Pratt, The Life Guards, son of the late Marquess of Camden, and Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the eldest daughter of Captain the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, R.N., and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, of Swallett House Christian Malford, Chippenham. Lieut.-Col. the Hon. J. J. and Lady Violet Astor lent their house in Carlton House Terrace for the reception

Reception photographs by Swaebe



Lady Harris, wife of the C-in-C., Bomber Command, and her daughter



Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy and Capt. Rory More-O'Ferrall



Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, M.P., Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, and Lady Brabourne

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EVERYBODY in the Eighteenth Century looked without exception like Robert Donat and/or John Gielgud, we gather after a careful survey of the current flood of illustrated "period" ads. in the newspapers.

All honour to the publicity-boys' delicacy, the little idealist rascals. You can see from Hogarth and Gillray and Rowlandson and other contemporaries what the Island Race really looked like in that century. It was grossly fat and ugly and generally drunk, from Pitt downwards. The publicity boys have a big job to clean up the 18th century and make everybody in it svelte and handsome and *distingué*, but they're sticking to it. Not, we guess, without qualms at conference-time.

"The function of Art—oh, look, Cyril is sick!"

"It's those beastly un-English Hogarth things."

"And see, Rupert blushes and turns aside!"

"Rupert has the sensitive feelings of a gentleman."

"And look! How Derek is clenching his fists!"

"He realises the honour of Publicity is at stake, dear fellow."

The supreme test is the celebrated Mr. Edward Bright of Maldon, Essex, hero of a thousand popular prints, a man-mountain who weighed 43½ stone at the age of 29, and died of it. He'd come out in the wash like Ivor Novello, we guess.

Racket

THAT news-item about a forthcoming centre for Overseas Shakespeare fans at Stratford-upon-Avon moved the quarterly review *Baconiana* to a hoot of refined mirth, we noticed, and can you blame it? Who is going to break the news to our innocent Overseas cousins that quite a few of the principal Stratford jewels are notoriously bogus, including the Birth-place and most certainly the Bust? Not us, for one.

The Baconians, one feels, have a good excuse for poofing and persiflage here. Everybody knows that the modern Shakespeare Racket was started by Garrick in 1769 at that comic rain-swamped Jubilee, though the hovel known as Shakespeare's birthplace—when finally selected—was not "restored" and enlarged out of all recognition till about 1860. If the Baconian boys start an opposition show in Stratford after the war, as they threaten, there should be endless fun.

The politest comment on the Bust ("restored") we know is a pen-and-ink sketch of it by Topolski, in which one perceives a faint knowing leer in the pop-eyes of the (alleged) Swan of Avon, as if the Swan had been giving the municipal accounts a quick once-over the week after his birthday. We asked Topolski how he

got this clairvoyant idea and he said "Intuition."

Pipe

OBSERVING that the U.S. Air Forces Band has fallen heavily for the bagpipes during its Scottish tour and is buying largely, one could hardly help remembering that charming moment in *The Ghost Goes West* when the kilted Negro pipe-band comes prancing into the millionaire's dining-room, full of pep and zing, jazzing *Auld Lang Syne* and skirling like all-get-out. René Clair rarely thought up anything more amusing.

Bagpipes being common to all the wild hill-tribes of Europe, except the Welch, we don't revere them quite as the Scots and the Albanians do. Why the Welch, our kinsmen, lash their fiery blood to madness with the strains of the native harmonium is told in the *Mabinogion*. The fairies are responsible. An elf named Otis H. Biddlebaum, Jr., travelling for the wellknown fairy firm of Mason and Hamlin, Inc., happened to be flying over the Welsh hills one day in the long-ago and noticed a stout girl named Blodwen Rees twanging a harp, an instrument to which the Welch were then addicted. He at once began to sing *The Song of Otis H. Biddlebaum, Jr.*, which begins:

Vain it is to seek the Grave of Arthur;

The mists are thick on hoary Plynllymmon; where is the Red Dog of Iolo ap Grwchwyfrydd?

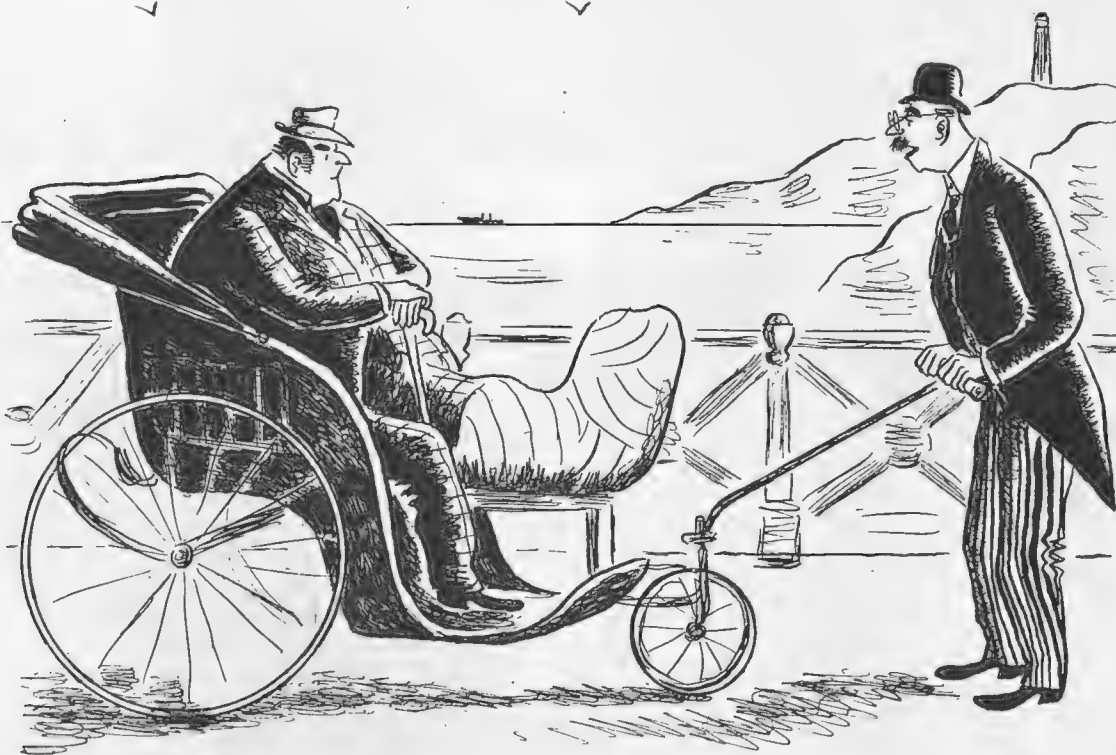
Where is Mrs. Jones the Gas?

Listen, sister, you want to pipe down on that sissy stuff, it gets you nowhere;

Right here I got a line of sure-fire goods (etc., etc.)

Having got a harmonium out of his bag and played Miss Rees *The March of the Men of Harlech*, a folk-tune of immense antiquity, stretching far back into the mists of the 18th century, Mr. Biddlebaum booked a dozen orders right away and flew home to Missouri, if that is the place. In battle or debate the Welch harmonium is carried slung from the neck. Any questions?

(Concluded on page 142)



"Could I count on you as my passenger, Sir, in next Saturday's 'round-the-houses' race?"



General Sir Donald Banks bought his programme from Assist. Commandant Mrs. Bernard Finnigan and Miss Dipper



The Marquise de Casa Maury came to the premiere, and with her is Sir William Rootes



Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha brought his wife, and they stopped to make a donation to an American Red Cross worker

Gala Premiere at the Gaumont

Some of the Audience Who Saw "Since You Went Away"



Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon Willis, Second Sea Lord, and Lady Willis were with Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C.



Lieut.-Col. Sir Mathew Wilson was standing with Mrs. Philip Hill under an American flag in the foyer



Professor C. E. M. Joad came to see the film with his secretary, Mrs. Rang

● There was a distinguished audience at the first performance of *Since You Went Away*. The film, story of an American family during the year 1943, has Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple and Joseph Cotten in important roles



Lord and Lady Latham



Colonel and Mrs. Brian Mountain



Mrs. Haggard, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Boyd

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Rap

No doubt George Osbaldeston, M.P. ("The Squire"), that wellknown Regency figure, "five feet high and the features of a foxcub," over whom Auntie Times was creating an admiring song-and-dance recently, was the finest all-rounder in British sporting history. The Squire also, as Auntie carefully forbore to mention, tried to cheat Lord George Bentinck out of £400 by some monkey-business over a racehorse. At Roedean we were taught to regard that sort of trick as caddish.

We don't want to make an issue of this, but at Roedean we were also jolly well taught to keep a straight bat and give cads (especially Turf cads) the air. Miss Gewither was terribly keen on this. Also Miss Prune, Miss Whackstraw, and of course the Senior Sports Mistress (Miss Golightly). As an Old Roedean Hockey Blue herself, Auntie Times is just letting everybody down by helling round with outsiders like Osbaldeston (anybody'd think they were engaged). She'll be at Tattersall's next with a straw in her mouth, romping like a hoyden and smacking decent chaps derisively on the back. We guess chaps who prefer the Turf clean, like "Sabretache" and "Dick Luckman, will give her a pretty frightful stare. And what about the Jockey Club?

Changing those old true-blue lingerie for Bloomsbury Pink has made the old trot careless over morals, maybe. We don't want to have to refer to this painful subject again.

Saboteur

A CHAP trying to trace the earliest instances of sabotage in wartime overlooked an interesting little affair involving a diplomat, a fire in Portsmouth Dockyard, and a citizen called John the Painter.

John the Painter, a Scotsman whose name was Hill, made his home in America for some years and disliked—rightly—the colonial policy of George III so strongly that he crossed the Atlantic in 1776 and, after several interviews with Silas Dean, the "rebel" American Ambassador in Paris, set fire to the rope-house in the Dockyard and started a fierce blaze, which however did not destroy any of H.M. ships of war, as planned. The British Government then hanged Mr. Hill in chains like a pirate on Blockhouse Point and Congress passed on to the next item on the agenda. No modern firebug could hope to enjoy himself as Mr. Hill did, surrounded by mountains of thick hemp rope and twine, tar, turpentine, paint, and all sorts of jolly combustibles. On the other hand, no modern firebug would be as clumsy over it as Mr. Hill was.

Footnote

THIS seems to be the only occasion on which the American Colonies succeeded in giving the Mother Country a poke in the nose in her own backyard. Mr. Silas Dean must have dined out on this *rigolade* in Paris for months afterwards. Mr. Hill, twirling high, dry, and pecked by seagulls, Mr. Dean smilingly sipping his vintage claret, the pet of the Beau Monde—that's Life, that is.



"I'll take the cash; you'd better take something for yer cold"

Cut

WILD-LIFE generally seems to be giving our favourite Nature authority the razz of late. His latest complaint was about staring at a grey squirrel which hesitated, looked at him several times, and then ran hastily back up a fir-tree.

The impression left on the impartial observer is that the boy expected the squirrel to trip up and kiss him, saying "Prince Charming is come at last! Oh, how I have waited!" After which this tiny dumb chum would turn into a lovely princess in a gold crown and wedding-bells would ring, hey ding-a-ding. These things simply don't happen in the Hick Belt any more. Moreover on the last occasion on which a Nature Correspondent found Romance in this way (circa 1870) there was the devil to pay in the office, where his Princess-bride would sweep through the corridors with her glittering retinue, sniffing at leader-writers and saying petulantly, "George, I do not like these dirty old grummits, they must go." The redoubtable Fairy Carabosse would then storm into the sacred editorial conference and scream frightful accusations.

"Tried-to-pinch-the-Fairy-Mélusine-he-did! Three-times-on-the-bustle-poor-dear!"

"Is she speaking truth, Faughaghton? Or is this, perchance, merely prevarication or rhapsody, dictated by fantasy or hysteria?"

"I never pinched no ladies, Sir! Gawd love you, Sir, I never did! Oh, you awful!"

"Seen-him-with-these-eyes-I-did!"

"Faughaghton, Faughaghton, you sadden me."

The fine editorial head would droop in shame and sorrow, a long white hand would cover a noble, polished dome, and—bing! One more huge frog would be sitting at the conference-table, goggling hopelessly.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"No fish!"



Swarbrick

Maid of all Work

"Fire, fire, are you going to
be cross this morning, too?"

Men may come and men may go, but there is always Cinderella. Her annual visit is as necessary to us as the coming of Spring. This year she is at St. James's Theatre—very charmingly portrayed by eighteen-year-old Audrey Hesketh—in a fairy-tale written by Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon called *The Glass Slipper*. Her visit, which ends this week, has been all too short, but Robert Donat is making plans to bring her back again next year



Princess Margaret as Lucinda Fairfax in Victorian muslin, lace and frills; blue underskirt and sash, silver shoes



A group of the principals. L. to r.; Horace Tulkington (Frederick Smith), Donna Salamanca del Castellanos (Mary Morshead), Lady Christina Sherwood (Princess Elizabeth), Sammy Suction (Hubert Tannar), Hon. Lucinda Fairfax (Princess Margaret), Mother Hubbard (Cyril Woods), Sir Marmaduke Montmorency (Anne Crichton)

"Old Mother Red Riding Boots"

The Princesses Stage and Star in Another Slick Christmas Pantomime at Windsor Castle

Photographs by Studio Lisa

● Once again Christmas-time at Windsor Castle was a busy one for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. Rehearsals were in full swing for their fourth pantomime production, which was given in the Waterloo Chamber on December 21st, 22nd and 23rd. The show was again devised by the Princesses and Mr. Hubert Tannar, headmaster of the Royal School, Windsor Great Park. Children from the school provide the chorus. One of the best duets by the Princesses was "Sur le pont d'Avignon," begun "straight" and then swung—with a tap dance. The sisters wore some delightful frocks and proved themselves first-rate principals. The Salon Orchestra of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) supplied the music.



The Princesses in action—duet and tap dance (Act I., Outside ye Olde Wishinge Welle Inn), "Swinging on a Star." Princess Margaret is in Tyrolean dress, black velvet tunic, white tulle blouse, gay wide skirt. Both wore red tap-shoes, Princess Elizabeth's hidden at first under her long lace frock



Cyril Woods as Old Mother Hubbard gave an excellent performance. He was brought up in the Royal Household, and is now working there as a clerk



"Shepherdess and Bean Brocade"—a duet and dance in "the Glade of the Crystal Stream" for Anne Crichton and Princess Elizabeth, in white wig and white gown with coloured rose-buds, as the shepherdess

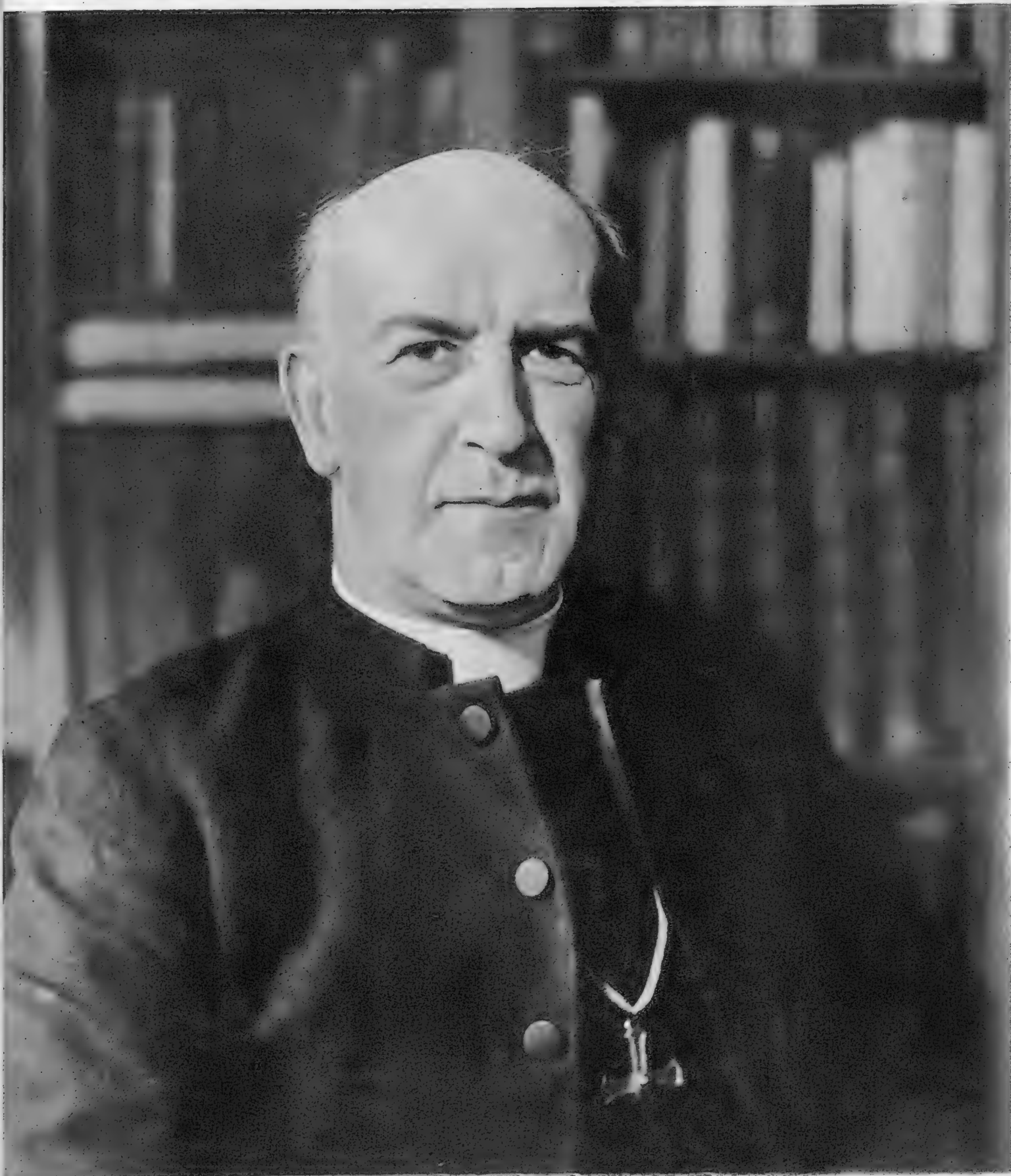


Princess Elizabeth as a Victorian Miss in pink with cascades of white lace, and yellow straw hat with bright flowers. This picture was taken at the King's request—he liked the dress



After the show. The Princesses and Mr. Tannar, who is wearing the King's colours in the finale, "Red, White and Blue Christmas," streamers (to match) descended from above the stage on Red Cross Nurses and Guardsmen. The Princesses are wearing real tiaras

Ballet Interlude, At the Seaside, 1890. Princess Margaret (extreme left) and the boy have been shrimping; Princess Elizabeth looks demurely on after appearing in an alarming bathing costume of the period; the Nurse (Anne Crichton) neglects her charges for the Sailor. Ballet by Miss Vacani, in dance and mime; scenery in gay colours by Vincent Korda



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The New Primate : the Rt. Hon. the Rt. Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, D.D.

Little more than twelve years after his consecration as a Bishop, Dr. Fisher has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury at the age of fifty-seven. The son of the late Rev. H. Fisher, of Nuneaton, Dr. Fisher has never himself held a benefice. Educated at Marlborough and Exeter College, Oxford—where he took first-class honours—and later at Wells Theological College, in 1911 he became assistant master at Marlborough. Three years later he was headmaster of Repton, in 1932 Bishop of Chester, and from 1939 till the present time he has been Bishop of London and Dean of the Chapels Royal. Dr. Fisher is married and has six sons, four of whom are in the Army. His wife is a granddaughter of Dr. S. A. Pears, a former headmaster of Repton. As a schoolmaster, Dr. Fisher displayed great organising and administrative ability and powers of leadership, and as a bishop has won the admiration and personal regard of his clergy. His appointment has been hailed with general satisfaction.

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

New Universities

THE kindly and witty Scotsman who broadcasts to us upon Mice and Men north of the Tweed has told us that a suggestion for the cure of the alleged backwardness in education in his country takes the form of a proposal for the establishment of a University of Futba' (Anglicé football). Why not? And, further, why stop here? Why exclude Racing (many jockeys have taken a First in Classics); Boxing (how nice Regius Professor of the Solar Plexus would look on a visiting-card or a brass plate on the door!); Golfers, many of whom surely have qualified for an Honours' Degree in Modern Language; or, in fact, anything down to curling, darts and patball? To indulge in any kind of splendid isolation in a scheme like this seems to be undesirable in the last degree.

Horthy and Hitler

As a result of a note in this page on a sporting book by Eugene de Horthy, brother of Miklos, the Admiral, Count Charles Longyay, Chairman of the Free Hungarians in London, has very kindly sent me a little pamphlet, which is a translation of a very long speech made by M. Matyas Rakosi in Russia on September 6, 1943, to Hungarian prisoners of war. The pamphlet is entitled *The Guilty Man of Hungary*. Count Longyay was never under any illusions as to Miklos Horthy's attitude towards Hitler. M. Rakosi spoke his mind "forceful, frequent and free," and told these Hungarian prisoners that Horthy, and Horthy alone, was responsible for dragging their country into this war, because, like some other people—Mussolini, Boris of Bulgaria, Quisling and Antonescu—he thought that he was on a certain winner. When Horthy realised that he had backed a loser, he began to try to get out, but Hitler said: "Not so fast!" Hence Horthy's enforced visit to Germany; hence the new Nazi Government in now rickety Budapest. The time cannot be far distant when "The Guilty Man of

Hungary," and all those others just enumerated, will find out exactly the length of spoon required by those who sup with the Devil.

Racing from the Front

SHELLED, mortared, bombed, booby-trapped, snowed-on, or anything else of which you can think, none of it seems to be able to kill the interest in racing of the chaps in the line. I have published many letters from people doing this unpleasant work, yet still they come, and all of my correspondents know so much about it and are so keen. I recently published a note on the 1944 two-year-olds from a young friend of mine, whom I have called "The Hoplite," and he wrote it when he was rather painfully wounded. Now, I am glad to hear, he is back to duty again, perched somewhere on a perishing cold hill in the snow, and still he writes, but not about war! He and his friends have only just seen the Free Handicap, and here is what he thinks about it, just as an example of how much it means to them as a diversion: "The news of no racing at Windsor on Boxing Day was sad reading. My first impression of the 1944 Two-Year-Old Free Handicap, without going into things thoroughly, is that Paper Weight is too high. [The Handicapper puts him only 2 lb. below Dante and 1 lb. below Court Martial, and I agree that this seems to flatter him unduly.—'S.']. Surely he is only about first-class handicap form? Isle of Capri, I think, is 3 lb. too low and Sun Stream ditto. [Isle of Capri has 9 st. 3 lb. and Sun Stream 9 st. to Dante's 9 st. 7 lb.—'S.']. Happy Grace is perhaps 5 lb. too low [she has got 8 st. 12 lb., and I do not personally believe that she deserves much more—over 7 furlongs, mark you.—'S.']. I was surprised to see High Peak and Chamosaire so high, but I believe he was right to put them there. Court Martial's place [1 lb. below Dante—'S.']. I quite agree, and hope to see him win the Two Thousand."

In a previous note, my correspondent said that he could not fancy Dante for any of the classics



Irak's Regent in Palestine

The Emir Abdul Illah, Regent of Irak; and Col. R. Broadhurst, of the Arab Legion, were photographed in South Palestine. The Regent recently met the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan on their frontier, to discuss Arab problems



Supreme Commander's Wife and Son

Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower, wife of the Allied Supreme Commander, is seen with her son, John. Her husband now holds the newly-created rank of General of the Army, equivalent to a Field-Marshal



A Football Casualty

Brig. James Michael Calvert, D.S.O., on leave with his foot damaged while playing football in India, is known to the troops in Burma as "Mad Mike." He is on adept at hand-to-hand fighting and dynamiting trains



General's New Post

Major-Gen. R. N. Gale succeeds Lt.-Gen. Browning as deputy commander to Lt.-Gen. Brereton, of the First Allied Airborne Army. He raised the British airborne division which became the spearhead of the Allies' invasion of the Continent

purely on his breeding, because he disliked the stock of Nearco. As long ago as November last he picked Court Martial for the Guineas and High Peak for the Derby and Leger.

Purely Personal

ALL the foregoing interests me greatly. I should hate to put anyone off backing his fancy, but at present I cannot see anything catching Dante in the Guineas, though I am quite at one with my correspondent where his chances in any of the other classics are concerned, purely on his breeding. I likewise have no affection for the line of Nearco, but you never know, and most certainly we do not yet know where this very nice colt is concerned. I wonder at what price. The Tetrarch would have started for the Derby after he had run away with the Guineas, as most assuredly he must have done. Dante has won the Coventry 5 furlongs and the Middle Park 6 furlongs, running away on each occasion, and I, for one, believed that in the latter he looked as if he would be still running away at the end of a mile. However, this is merely a personal view. We

(Concluded on page 148)



D. R. Stuart

The North of the Thames Beat the South at Squash Rackets

The North of the Thames Public Schools Squash Rackets team beat their opponents by 3 rubbers to 2. Sitting: C. J. F. Upton (City of London School), E. J. D. Rolfe (Framlingham). Standing: D. C. Houghton-Brown (Haileybury), J. A. Harrison (Haileybury), J. R. Paul (Haileybury)

The South of the Thames Public Schools team: Sitting: P. R. Butt (King's College, Wimbledon), H. E. Hayman (Match Secretary, Surbiton Squash Rackets Club), A. J. Maltby (Claymore). Standing: J. C. Mayer (Winchester), P. R. Benham (Hurstpierpoint), G. R. G. Brown (King's College, Wimbledon)



Jumping "Come-Back": by "The Tout"

Jack Frost has interfered with National Hunt fixtures since these were arranged to begin at Windsor last Boxing Day. Cheltenham, however, found it possible to race on January 6th, and H. ("Frenchie") Nicholson had the honour of steering home the first winner over the Sticks for three years when Birthlaw won the opening event for C. Piggott's local stable. Tommy Rimell's stable is always good to follow at Prestbury Park, and he duly obliged with Tabora, ridden by his son, Fred Rimell, an easy winner of the Severn Moderate Hurdle. Lord Stalbridge's 1940 National winner Bogskar, now eleven years old, is reported as good as ever, and is due to make a reappearance on a favourite course of his—Windsor. G. E. Todd, trainer of that very good three-year-old Clever Joe, has several useful hurdlers in his stable, including Rowney Prince, who did good service on the Flat last season. He is one to watch, I'm told

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

know how they can shut up like a clasp-knife the moment they get even half a furlong beyond their true distance. I like this colt not only on his make and shape, but on something else, to which very often sufficient attention is not paid—his action. He "puts them down" right, if you know what I mean. I also suggest that particular note should be taken of how he is let down. His hocks are "on the ground," as the saying is.

A Piquant Situation

HIGH PEAK, Lady Derby's nice colt, is in the Two Thousand, the Derby and the Leger: Sun Stream, Lord Derby's filly, is in the One



D. R. Stuart

Sportsman and His Bride

Sub-Lt. David Henley, Fleet Air Arm, Harrow's cricket captain in 1941, and Oxford double Blue, recently married Miss Evelyn Fitzroy Griffin. She has piloted a canal barge, and is now doing engineering work in the W.R.N.S.

Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks and the Leger. They quote High Peak at about 14 to 1 for the Derby, for which they do not at the moment accord Sun Stream any figure at all, but they make her a 6-to-1 level favourite with Sweet Cygnet for the Oaks. This, I suppose, must be taken to mean that it is the chivalrous intention of Lord Derby that she shall not oppose High Peak in the Derby? But supposing she does? Many of us at the moment think that she may be the pick of the whole basket, colts and fillies, and that she has all the looks of a Leger winner. She looks that way to me, and I do not think that if you went through her pedigree with a fine-toothed comb you could fault it. She is bred back on parallel lines to the great Blacklock. That is exactly how Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee were bred, as also was their brilliant brother, Florizel II. These three were by St. Simon out of Perdita II. Sun Stream is a picture of balance and symmetry; so were these three horses I have just mentioned. So, again, if she runs for the Derby what are the robins to do then, poor things? As to High Peak, he may be anything, but, personally, I shall prefer to wait for some collateral security. The only predictions I feel brave enough to make at the moment are Dante for the Guineas: Sun Stream for the Leger. I take no other risk.

Cards

THEY never forgive: neither does war. The German G.O.C., Western Front, knew that he was leading from the wrong suit. He carried out his orders with all the skill of a first-class professional soldier and he is now doing his best to save the rubber; but the damage is done—thanks to The Amateur Strategist. If he had been left alone he might have added two years to this war.



Officers of Naval Bombardment Units

Front row: Capts. G. H. G. Heard, K. Coxon, R. W. B. Patterson, D. H. H. Turner, Majors H. W. L. Hartley, F. P. Ashton, P. J. Oppenheimer, Lt.-Cols. W. Hewitt, G. F. Sinclair (C.O.), E. G. Rooney, Majors R. A. H. Arnold, P. Freeman, A. S. Lloyd, Capts. K. W. Mellor, M. C. Price, J. F. Collinson, J. A. S. Cleminson, L. O. Benson, K. M. Meiklejohn. Middle row: Capts. A. R. Denholm, W. N. Blayney, D. E. Barrett, G. Sharratt, N. Greenhowe, K. C. Stuart, A. C. Frame, E. R. M. Emsley, F. G. Sykes, J. McLellan, G. T. Noble, W. D. Richards, H. T. McCormack, A. Todd, G. R. Pate, R. H. Creasey, B. Booth, D. B. Gaunt, P. N. Clark, H. A. Todd. Back row: Capts. K. P. Gower, W. D. M. Webb, H. G. H. Kenion, J. G. Hetherington, R. V. Atherton, S. G. L. Boyle, A. C. Hope, F. Smith, Sub-Lt. Crawford, R.N.V.R., Capts. T. W. B. Coulson, F. V. Hodge, W. P. Ritchie, A. D. Hurn, M. Nesbitt, A. F. Boniface

On Active Service



Officers of a Royal Naval Base *D. R. Stuart*

Sitting: Lt. C. J. V. Brown, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. M. Methuen, D.S.C., R.N., Cdr. E. W. O'Connor, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.R., Cdr. E. G. Halliwell, R.C.N., Elec. Lt.-Cdr. P. S. Fox, R.N.V.R. Standing: Lts. B. Crossley-Meates, R.N.V.R., W. J. Styles, R.N., M. D. Wylie, R.N.R., C. J. Hart, R.N.V.R., Elec. Lt. A. S. Bagshaw, R.N.V.R., Lt. W. Blake, R.N.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Royal Naval Training Establishment

Front row: Lt. S. Aulsebrook, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. E. Stentiford, R.N., Sister B. Harpen, Q.A.R.N.S., Lt.-Cdr. C. Porter-Loine, R.N.V.R., 3rd Off. W. Taylor, W.R.N.S., Surg. Lt.-Cdr. (D) D. Lennie, R.N.V.R., Lt. H. Morgan, R.N.V.R. Middle row: Surg. Lt. (D) Ritchie, Surg. Lt. R. Hopkyns, Sub-Lt. C. Jay, Sub-Lt. J. Tunnadine, Rev. H. Stow, Mr. Elliott, Gunner, R.N., Lt. W. Pipe, Sen. Master R. Hutchinson, R.N., Surg. Lt. (D) L. Grunwell. Back row: Mr. A. Birchall, Schoolmaster, R.N., Mr. J. Pilling, Schoolmaster, R.N., Rev. —, Boyer, Mr. A. Burton, Schoolmaster, R.N., Mr. W. Walters, Bos'n, R.N., Sub-Lt. E. Whybrow, Mr. J. Pickstock, Schoolmaster, R.N., Sub-Lt. P. Raggett

Right, front row: Lt. G. H. Willcocks, M.C., Capts. A. C. Everard, J. Tunbridge, H. A. A. Atterton, F. L. Johnson, Majors F. R. Parks, F. Sutcliffe, M.C., J. E. A. Hurd, Lt.-Col. F. L. Walker (C.O.), Majors J. M. Walker, F. G. Harris, Capts. F. W. Ryland, S. C. Best, M.M., W. R. Bracey, H. J. Pearce, Lt. H. A. Robertson, Lt. F. G. Stanley. Middle row: Lts. E. V. Sutton, A. J. Edwards, W. B. Laws, A. R. Goodbody, A. J. Tedrake, F. A. Greagsby, L. Beecroft, V. C. Hitchings, G. W. Hanson, C. A. Palmer, R. L. Wilson, J. H. Greenwood, H. H. Longman, 2nd Lt. P. C. Dighton. Back row: 2nd Lt. C. E. Pittman, Lts. R. H. Pike, G. Shelley, S. G. Beard, V. G. Blake, M. L. Tugwell, L. C. Richardson, W. D. Edwards, M.M., C. H. Wasey, J. N. Gill



Officers of the 61st Surrey Battalion Home Guard

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Lost Boys

THE children of security have always hankered after adventure. Tales of the wild, of perils and risks mounted up on comfortable schoolroom shelves. From the stage view of the Never-Never-Land, and its excitements, the young audience returned resignedly to their prosaic homes—region of parlour-maids, firelight and washing one's hands for tea. In a sort of protest against their safety, children made coppices into forests, the underneaths of tables into caves and located the imaginary, utterly ruthless "enemy" at the turn of the back-stairs or in the shrubbery. And this went on not only in England, America, the Dominions, but all over civilised—apparently over-civilised—Europe. It is extraordinary, and poignant, to remember. Long may our own children be safe enough to continue to play at danger. For they are—let us not forget—at present almost the only children in Europe who can thus, still, afford to play.

Yet play goes on. Love for the fantasy world seems to constitute, for all those children of Europe for whom the actual world has become a nightmare, the last hold upon what is sane in life. Thus Janek, the fourteen-year-old Polish hero of Romain Gary's *Forest of Anger* (Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.), left alone by his doctor father in the forest hide-out they have just built together, relapses into the absorbing pages of his favourite book—*Winetoo, the Red Indian Gentleman*. Winetoo, later, enjoys a vogue with the Partisans—with whom, by his father's death, Janek is left to throw in his lot. Janek (who likes himself better under the *nom de guerre* of "Old Shatterhand") keeps at first to the order to stay hidden. When his father brings, on the daily visits, stories of atrocity and devastation in their home village, Janek is able to steady himself by remarking: "It's like the Red Indians."

Forest of Anger is a story of abnormal, secretive, desperate and often reckless existence as seen through the eyes of a normal boy. The Partisans, of whom the younger are still students, become the grown-ups of Janek's new world. His contemporary is Zosia, the gently-bred, fifteen-year-old school-girl who, like him, has lost everything. Zosia, still so much of a child that she comforts herself by sleeping every night with her Teddy bear in her arms, has made, to her loyalty to her country, the only sacrifice that is in her power: by prostituting herself to the German soldiers, she obtains vital information for the Partisans.

Faith

THE love that springs up between Zosia and Janek, and their house-keeping together in his hide-out, is innocently and beautifully described. In the two children, as in the band of their elders, we are confronted by sheer faith—faith stripped of comfort, sentiment or

illusion. For grim ironies and futile sacrifices abound. Obviously, this is a painful book. But it is not painful for nothing. Though the characters are Polish and the scene Poland—forests, villages and small towns—it applies, we must remember, to the greater part of Europe.

Romain Gary wrote *Forest of Anger* during service as a Lieutenant in the Lorraine Squadron of the Free French Air Force. He has both Russian and French blood in his veins. He took his university degree in Warsaw, and saw service in Poland in 1939. For the quite admirable translation of this book from the original French, we are indebted to Viola Garvin.

Only Too Many

INEZ HOLDEN'S *There's No Story There* (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.) triumphantly gives the lie to its own title. This account of life at the Statevale Shell-filling Factory is a cross-section; which gains in living effect by the absence of any forced, continuous plot—in that sense only is "story" missing. Of stories—hinted at, half-told, glimpsed in flashes or revealed by odd phrases in vernacular talk—there are almost too many. Not too many for interest: indeed, this is one of the one-in-a-hundred books which I could have wished to be twice as long. But too many in the sense of overpowering one with the multitudinousness, the diversity and the sheer point-blank difficulty of human existences.

To quote from the publisher's summary, which cannot be bettered:

In the framework of the vast, State-owned factory, places loom as large as people—contraband-huts, canteens, danger-shops, hostels; security officers, managers, welfare workers, time and motion men, labour officers and police. . . .

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I SIMPLY dare not ask any of the Allied Forces now stationed

in England what they think of an English pantomime. I have an idea that I wouldn't like the answer. That I should feel grieved; as if somebody had doubted the virtue of my grandmother. Worse still, I feel I should have no defence. Pantomime's apparently eternal popularity, even in my own breast, is quite incomprehensible. I know its faults—its humour never varies, as a spectacle the films have killed it, its fun belongs to the school-room. I am not quite so certain of its virtues, except that it is some place to take the children and become again as a child yourself.

Its charm seems to lie in its unchangeableness in a changing world. True, the Principal Boys have lost their hips and busts; but in essentials it is as it was, and I am certain will for ever be. True, furtive innovations are tried from time to time. Sometimes the Fairy Queen really can sing. Occasionally Prince Charming is played as a straight part, and this year Hermione Baddeley, as one of Cinderella's Ugly Sisters—a kind of frustrated Veronica Lake, battling hopelessly against her destiny—is very funny indeed. But rarely have these new conceptions lasted a second year. Back we go to the rough-and-tumble, the red-flannel drawers and the soap-suds. So it would be no use telling inquisitive strangers that pantomimes are not what

they were, because they are. I should have to fall back on the fact that the

best pantomimes are to be discovered up North, that the London ones are never local enough, that, anyway, you've got to take it all as part of the Christmas Carnival—like turkey, plum-pudding and crackers. Except that anybody knows where he is with a plum-pudding, but you might find yourself anywhere with the story of Puss in Boots or Red Riding Hood.

The appeal of pantomime you have to put down to something inherent in our national character. Perhaps we inwardly like to cling to childhood longer than other nations. Perhaps we possess the gift of seeing through the eyes of a child and preen ourselves for possessing it. It may make us much duller socially than the French, but we are much easier to live with. Give us something to do about a ball and we can be contented for hours.

Thus the Pantomime Tradition remains immutable, impregnable and inexplicable. Like the unconscious habit of an American chewing gum—nobody can explain why. For an American, life without gum would be a void, and for an Englishman Christmas without a pantomime rather like blasphemy. Quite sensibly, we love our traditions, we adore our conservatism, we hug our habits. Only in the minds of revolutionaries and communists do such happy, innocent, static virtues create sick headaches.



A Portrait of Clare Cotton was the first one painted by the well-known British artist Sir Francis Rose after being invaded out of the R.A.F. in September 1942. Clare's father is a secretary at the Brazilian Consulate General, and her mother is a descendant of Lord Nelson. Sir Francis has written and illustrated a book of Chinese stories arranged for children, called "The White Cow"

The presentation of such a subject would confront any novelist with difficulties: Miss Holden has found a technique so right for her purpose that it hardly seems to be a technique at all. To a certain extent, it is that of the camera—passages in *There's No Story There* have the inter-knit rhythms and changing angles of a first-rate film. Her close-ups of individual men and women are all the more telling from being intermittent. Then, for the sake of comment which is too impersonal to supply herself, she has introduced two highly articulate characters: Julian, the tongue-tied ex-soldier, cursed by a nervous flux of words through the mind; and Geoffrey, impassioned mass-observer.

Where are They Going?

FROM Whistler, the Superintendent, and Jameson, the police inspector, down to such units as Lynette, with her emotional anxiety, and Isabette Jones, of the split personality, everybody at Statevale has had his or her will suspended and private destiny, for the time being, closed by the imperatives of total war. All the same, these thousands, named or unnamed, give one the impression of being in massive, unconscious movement forward, like an ice-floe. In what direction? One cannot, and they cannot, answer. More is happening to them than they know themselves.

Life at the up-to-date hostel, where the shifts not at work spend their free time, complements, in this all-round picture, life in the factory. On the subject of the hostel, Miss Holden seems to me at her most clear-sighted. Geoffrey (a non-proletarian) contrasts the many amenities of the hostel with the rigours of his own private and public schools—

(Concluded on page 152)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Foster — Drummond

Major Neil Phipps Foster, The Life Guards, of the White House, Winslow, Bucks, only son of the late Major and Mrs. Phipps Foster, married Miss Rosemary Lucia Drummond, second daughter of Mr. G. H. Drummond and the late Mrs. Drummond, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Bruce — Disney

F/Lt. Sir Michael Bruce and Miss Anne Disney were married at Chelsea Register Office. She is the daughter of Major Gervase Disney, of 22, Queen's, Gate Gardens, S.W., and of Mrs. Hugh Quennell, of 57, Cadogan Place, S.W.



Servaes — Vestey

Left: Lt. William Reginald Servaes, R.N., son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. M. Servaes, and Miss Patricia Vestey, elder daughter of the late Mr. Percy C. Vestey and Mrs. Vestey, and granddaughter of Sir Edmund Vestey, Bt., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Crawshay — Bury

Lt. Codrington Crawshay, Welsh Guards, only son of the late Col. C. H. R. Crawshay and Mrs. Crawshay, married Miss Rachel Bury, only daughter of Major R. F. Bury, K.C., and of Mrs. Field, of Ashdale, Hascombe, Surrey, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Westmacott — Manfield

Capt. C. L. Westmacott, The Yorkshire Hussars, sixth son of Canon and Mrs. L. Westmacott, of Buckland Rectory, Broadway, Worcestershire, married Miss Mary Manfield, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Manfield, of The Boches, Wivelsfield Green, Sussex, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Ross — Cherrington

Lt. John Nathaniel Ross, Irish Guards, son of the late Mr. N. Ross and Mrs. Ross, of Great Chesterford, Essex, married Miss Ruth Isabel Cherrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Cherrington, of Berkhamsted, Herts, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Nel — Allie

Lt.-Col. Willem Andries Nel, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, S.A.A.F., married Mrs. Marguerite Myrtle Allie, widow of Mr. B. J. Allie, of Durban, and daughter of the Dowager Lady Wynford, in London

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

Sir Basil and Lady Bartlett were both obviously enjoying the sunshine as they walked arm-in-arm down the park side of Piccadilly; and Lady Castlereagh, looking very attractive, was doing some last-minute shopping with one of her little girls before sending her back to school.

Lunching

LATER in the day, lunching at the Mirabell, I found Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P., who has been the member for Melton Mowbray since 1924, with a large party. In 1939, his only daughter, Bettyne, married Lord Newtown Butler, the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough's son and heir. Lord Cowdray was at another table with friends; and Major and Mrs. Victor Seely were together, the latter looking very attractive in a mustard-coloured suit. Major Seely, who is one of Lord Sherwood's brothers, escaped to Switzerland from a prisoner-of-war camp in Italy, and has not been home many months. At the Dorchester I found Lady Bearstead lunching with Lt.-Col. Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Davies. Lord and Lady Bearstead now make the Dorchester their London home while Lady Bearstead works for the Y.M.C.A., running their mobile canteens in the London area. Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys were à deux at a sofa table. Sir Weldon has only just returned from India, where he went for the Government for consultations and advice on health in the Far East, making the journey both ways by air; Major "Washie" and Lady Patricia Hibbert were together at the next table; he is in the Queen's Bays, but has been seconded for special service during the war. Lady Patricia's elder brother, the Earl of Inchcape, is also a cavalry soldier; he was originally in the 12th Lancers, one of the first cavalry regiments to be mechanised, and with a superb record in this war; later he transferred to the newly-formed 27th Lancers.

Dining

At Ciro's, where everyone is enjoying the amusing songs of Jack and Daphne Barker, the Earl of Beatty entertained a large party, which included his only brother, the Hon. Peter Beatty, the Earl and Countess of Fitzwilliam, Lady Stanley of Alderley and Major-Gen.



King Peter Sees the Premiere of "The Constant Nymph"

The film premiere of "The Constant Nymph" was held at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the Yugoslav Emergency Committee Fund, and was attended by King Peter of Yugoslavia. His Majesty is seen here with members of the film committee: Mrs. D. C. M. Hartman, the Marchioness of Ormonde, the Countess of Middleton and Lady Franckenstein

"Bob" Laycock, the head of "Combined Operations." Major Anthony Head, who used to be in the Life Guards, but is now on Gen. Laycock's staff, was also in the party. A party of four at another table, who later joined up with Lord Beatty's party, were Mrs. Philip Dunne, Mrs. Dietz, Capt. Peter Thursby and Capt. Julian Lezard. Mrs. Dunne, who was wearing a short red frock, was up from her home in Warwickshire, where she has been spending the Christmas holidays with her young family, who all ride well and generally enjoy the hunting at this time of year, though there has been little of it this season for them, owing to frost. Mrs. Dietz is still probably better remembered here as Tanis Guinness. Lady Ebury and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Lyle, were with a party of five, which included Major David Smiley. Lady Isabel Milles-Milles, the Earl of Sondes's younger sister, was with Miss J. Christopherson, Major Henry Lenanton and Mr. Chris Mackintosh. Miss Christopherson, who was in mufti that evening, has a commission in the A.T.S. and is now working at a branch of the War Office, after being in charge of A.T.S. on a gun-site in a busy raid area for two years. Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, out of her V.A.D. uniform and looking very attractive in black, was in a party with the Hon. Enid Paget and Mr. Frankie More-O'Ferrall. The stage was represented by Miss Frances Day and Mr. Jack Buchanan, who both came in later after their respective shows.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

—the cold dormitory, the inadequate shower-baths, the draughty gymnasium and the depressing stained wood of the passages and stairs which seemed to dent the rigid rules and regulations into the mind of the schoolboy. Here in the hostel there were no rules. All the groundwork of material life was ready to hand for the price of 22s. 6d. to 30s. a week board and lodging. Geoffrey's memories went back to the boarding-school—everything uncomfortable and inefficient there; boys making their own beds and being called by a clanging bell, washing in their rooms in cold water, a hot bath only twice a week; board, lodging and tuition for eight months of the year cost £200 a year. Why, then, were so many of the workers here melancholy-minded? Why weren't they hurrahing through the hostel all day? Geoffrey believed that through his astute agent provocateur questions he had got most of the answers. Of course, it was an excellent and valuable thing that this sound basis of material life had been set going; but who will die on the battlefield for the sake of a communal laundry—who wants to fight a war to make certain of an electric hair-drier? Existence in the hostel became



Yvonne

Russell Palmer, whose first book, "Let's Listen: An Invitation to Music," is reviewed by Elizabeth Bowen below, is well known on the air for his broadcast talks on musical subjects, which he illustrates by means of gramophone records. He is an accomplished lecturer and critic

arid; the irrational side of life, because not clearly understood, was not catered for; people searching for a more comprehensive cordiality and warmth shied away from the facilities that still seemed like a sop thrown in from the outside.

Suction

ANNA SEBASTIAN gives us, in *The Monster* (Cape; 8s. 6d.), a semi-allegorical novel of appropriately monstrous ingenuity. Jonathan Crisp, its hero-villain, is first met as a travelling salesman hawking a vacuum cleaner, which he has christened Tantalus, from door to door. At the houses at which he attempts to recommend himself, and still more Tantalus, he could not—as we see by a typical day's round—be more unfortunate. He is not only ignored, bamboozled or snubbed; he becomes, each time, the prey of the private mania of the households into which he

happens to walk. One sees how such a life must act on a man: under the servility, meek jollity or pathetic archness which constitute, at different times, his approaches, Jonathan is storing up almost demoniac hatred of middle-class society.

And indeed, the types he meets—the business man's wife and her housemaid, the young married couple, the group of Bohemians, the pop-eyed female philanthropist and the two spinsters—are far from inspiring. Do they, however, quite merit Jonathan's not only dark but, soon, insatiable revenges? For a long time Tantalus, the cleaner, has been Jonathan's familiar: he identifies Tantalus with Power. Now, at the end of his very imperfect day, Jonathan goes through a mystic and violent metamorphosis—involving apparently seven bottles of whisky. He becomes Tantalus. It is he who, from now on, will suck up those hated people, like so much dust out of carpets, into the maw of his power.

In his new role, Mr. Crisp enjoys a quite appalling success. To say that women fall for him would be to put it mildly. I do not know whether I am squeamish, but there are passages in *The Monster* that shocked and distressed me. I felt that Miss Sebastian did not know where to stop. Though her command of her medium is adult, she shows the insensibility of a brilliant child, the gormandise for grotesque horror that I associate with early Ufa films. In all connections, however, one must allow for the vein of furious fantasy in which the book is written. I admire, as much as anything in *The Monster*, the description (realistic, but with a roaring lyricism) of a vacuum cleaner at work.

For the Music-Shy

"LET'S LISTEN: AN INVITATION TO MUSIC," by Russell Palmer (Dunlop Publications; 5s.), is a quite excellent short book addressed to the music-shy. Mr. Palmer, though well known as music critic and broadcaster, writes not from an altitude, but with an unpatronising simplicity. *Let's Listen* is useful, in the high sense. I hesitate to describe the book as a guide to musical appreciation, because even that makes it sound more pompous than it is. I happen, myself, to be a typical member of the public to which he addresses himself, and his diagnosis of a particular attitude towards music seems to me uncannily correct. I was struck, for instance, by his suggestion that it is easier, first, to become familiar with music by means of the gramophone or the wireless in one's home. The atmosphere of the concert hall, the rapt, removed and highly "special" expression of the greater part of the audience, may intimidate, even antagonise, the beginner-listener. Mr. Palmer is out to break down the false aroma of "specialness" about music; he is also the foe of all kinds of priggishness. At the same time, he is not to be accused of any attempts at vulgarisation.



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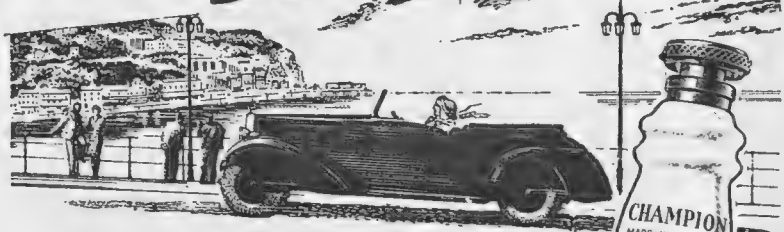
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE Ruridecanal Conference was at lunch, and a discussion had arisen as to the duties of the laity in country parishes.

"The activities of the laywoman," said an authoritative voice, "must be definitely organized."

"What is a laywoman, precisely?" someone asked.

The Rural Dean's sixteen-year-old daughter, breaking a long and brilliant silence: "A hen!"

AN armed bandit dashed into the post office.

"Hands up!" he shouted to the assistant. "Let me have the cash, stamps and postal orders, quick!"

The nervous assistant licked his lips.

"F-farther up the counter," he stammered. "This is the dog licence department."

AN Army sergeant driving his own car noticed an attractive Wac lieutenant waiting for a bus in Alexandria, Louisiana. He stopped and politely asked her if she would care for a ride back to camp. The Wac replied icily: "Sergeant, don't you know that Commissioned Officers do not associate with enlisted men."

Hardly had the maddened sergeant driven off when it started to rain hard. Driving around the block, he blew the horn and stopped for the same Wac lieutenant who this time smiled sweetly. She had taken about three steps towards the car when the sergeant stuck his head out. "Wet, isn't it?" he queried and drove slowly away, leaving the red-faced lieutenant to endure the amusement of the other waiting passengers.

WHEN Sam was asked how he budgeted his income, he replied: "Oh, about 40 per cent for food, 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, and 20 per cent for amusement and incidentals."

"But, Sam, that makes 120 per cent."

"Don't I know it!" agreed Sam, with a groan.

A CELEBRITY hound approached Groucho Marx at a party. "You remember me, Mr. Marx. We met at the Glynthwaites some years ago."

"I never forget a face," Groucho replied, "but I'll make an exception in your case."

AT a public dinner a man who was a long way down the table insisted upon proposing a toast.

"My toast is that of 'Our Absent Friends,'" he said, "coupled with the name of the waiter who has not been near this end of the table all evening."

A SOLDIER going on leave applied for some petrol coupons.

"What kind of car have you got?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, I haven't got a car," replied the soldier, "but I find it much easier to get a lift if I wave a few coupons."

THE farmer looked admiringly at his herd of cows.

"You know," he said proudly to his wife, "they're the finest lot of cattle in the whole of this county, Maria."

His sharp-featured lady snorted. "And don't you forget, John," she said, "that if it hadn't been for my brass, they wouldn't have been there."

"No more would you be, Maria," came the reply quietly.

THE loyal Frenchman had just arrested the quisling mayor of a small town liberated by the Allies.

"I am going to be interested to see what you do when the Allied authorities arrive here," he said grimly to his prisoner.

The quisling attempted a show of dignity. "I shall just put on my hat and coat and walk out," he said, haughtily.

"Oh, yes?" said the other. "And what will you put your hat on?"



Tu. bridge-Sa

Bebe Daniels is once more in London, playing this time at the Adelphi Theatre where "Panama Hattie," which proved such a success at the Piccadilly Theatre some months ago, has re-opened. In private life Bebe is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Ben Lyon of the 8th U.S.A.A.F.; her wire haired terrier is known as "Colonel Buddy" and wears on his jacket when out walking the insignia of a Lieut.-Colonel and the badge of the U.S. Army 8th Air Force.

Toilet REFINEMENT

JEYES'

have for seventeen years supplied their famous white porcelain-finished Hygienic Toilet Boxes and Interfolded Paper—the last word in toilet refinement. Unfortunately, owing to the War, the great demand for their paper cannot be fully met. Available supplies are distributed fairly, and the indulgence of users is invoked until supplies become normal again.

New Boxes cannot be supplied during the War.

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS CO. LTD
MILLBROOK, CHIGWELL, ESSEX

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Russian Ermine

EASILY THE BEST
since the days of Victoria

OSNATH
THE PRAM WITH THE FLOATING MOTION

The elite Baby Carriage since 1873. One day to return in all its splendour for the benefit of Babyhood.

ASHTON BROS. & PHILLIPS LTD.
No. 4, OSNATH WORKS, WARRINGTON

You can't be sure

THEY'RE GENUINE

KIRBIGRIP
REGD. TRADE MARK

UNLESS IT'S ON THE CARD

Controlled price 21d. per card, incl. P.T.

THE SPRING GRIP THAT CAN'T SLIP

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

Double 2 Two



Subtle grace in a gay
'Double Two.' Tailored
classics in colours that
brighten... all materials.
With its patented spare
collar. From all leading
Fashion Houses and
Stores.

THE WAKEFIELD SHIRT CO. LTD. (Dept. S), 126 Kirkgate, Wakefield, Yorks.



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by
Simon Massey
at most leading stores

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The WHYS and the WHEREFORES of WOOL

The health protection which modern hygiene demands for underwear is a material which renders young bodies immune from the dangers of sudden changes in temperature. Pure Wool is the answer. Being highly durable it is the essential material for Babies' and Children's Underwear.

Chilprufe Underwear is made only from selected Pure Wool and the Special Process through which it passes develops its lovely softness, renders it unshrinkable and provides adequate warmth without weight. Chilprufe does not felt and never loses its shape.

Every garment receives the individual care of Specialists and is designed to give complete freedom of movement for young limbs, whilst Chilprufe workmanship and finish is the highest attainable.

At present for Infants and Young Children only

CHILPRUFE

IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
LEICESTER



*They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's*



In a good range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at
Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone,
and most good Shoe Shops.





BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD.



'Quality Tells'

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH



Air Cdre. F. J. W. Mellersh, Commander of the Strategic Air Force of Eastern Air Command, pilots his own Hurricane when touring heavy bomber stations. He was photographed when about to take off to visit a distant airfield

Utility and Futility

Voices have been raised lately urging our aircraft and motor car manufacturers to give up "frills" and to produce only utility vehicles. It is argued that this means only will they be able to get down to low enough prices to ensure large sales. Professional economists have been among those advocating utility. They have picked up a little knowledge from the production engineers and are busily misusing it. For the fact is that a concentration of our aircraft and motor car makers on utility type vehicles would be the surest way of committing aeronautical and motoring suicide.

Design simplification is a different thing from design on a "utility" basis. The utility basis demands the elimination of high degrees of automaticity and instrumentation. It requires an aircraft with the fewest instruments of the crudest kind. Its only speed indicator must be one of those spring-loaded plates such as were put on the early Moths. It must not have an automatic pilot. It must not have an enclosed cockpit if it is a small machine. Crudity and utility are the same thing according to this idea. As aviation progress has been all along wrapped up with increased automaticity and instrumentation with added refinements and accessories. There may be scope today for an aircraft with a fixed undercarriage—for certain freight-carrying purposes I think there would be—but to turn all our manufacturers to machines with fixed undercarriages would be wrong. It is curious that some people imagine that the intense striving for improvement in aircraft must be confined to wartime and that when peace comes any old aircraft will sell well provided it is cheap.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Craftsmanship

If our Ministers persuade our manufacturers to make utility their guiding principle—and that is what they seem to be trying to do—they will be killing Britain's chance of ever building up her export trade. It is astonishing how many can be duped by the fiction that if you reduce your aircraft to an airframe and an engine, or your car to four wheels and an engine, and so bring down its price everybody will want to buy it. We have never been good at producing low quality goods and I hope we never shall become good at it.

Craftsmanship tends to disappear with increasing machine production. This seems to be inevitable. The craftsman is short-circuited and the job goes down from drawing office to semi-skilled operative. The scope for the true craftsman diminishes with the passage of the years. But British aircraft and British cars are founded in craftsmanship and true craftsmanship has no truck with what Whitehead has called utility articles, though it would be more accurate if they were called "crudity," for that is the real meaning of the official term.

I would say that our chances of productive prosperity after the war—in aircraft at any rate—depend upon our refusing to chase after American methods and upon our sticking firmly to our own methods, the methods which suit the national genius. The carefully made and lovingly finished piece of hand work may no longer be a practical proposition in the field of transport. But that is the sort of thing in which we are interested and the nearer we can keep to it the more likely are we to produce articles with a distinctive national character. The world is not going to buy from Britain aircraft and motor cars which are not more than inferior imitations of the mass-produced American ones.

Chicago

I suppose that if the statement that the Chicago aviation conference was a great success is made sufficiently often and in sufficiently loud tones, somebody will eventually believe it. It rather looked as if the members of the House of Lords were beginning to believe it at the end of Lord Swinton's seventy-one minute speech. It is not necessary, however, to speak for seventy-one minutes to show that the Chicago conference was not a success, but was in fact a miserable failure. I have not the persuasive powers of Lord Swinton, nor his great ability to marshal facts. But I can put two simple points about the Chicago conference. The first is that Soviet Russia was not represented. The second is that the remaining two great Allied air powers, Great Britain and America, disagreed on the fundamental of international air traffic organization. It takes a great many words to veil these two points.

Freedom from Freedom

Among the words used to protect the transactions from too close a public scrutiny were "the five freedoms." Our politicians and officials are using the word freedom in so many distorted ways that they have almost succeeded in entirely destroying its meaning. There is that term "freedom from want" for instance. It is rather like liberating people who are outside the prison. The kind of positive freedom of thought and action—individual thought and action—is the kind of which people increasingly fight shy. And the five freedoms of Chicago were really five catchwords to cover up five controls. Thus we go full circle and begin to see why it is that both the Germans and ourselves, when a city is entered, state that it is being liberated.



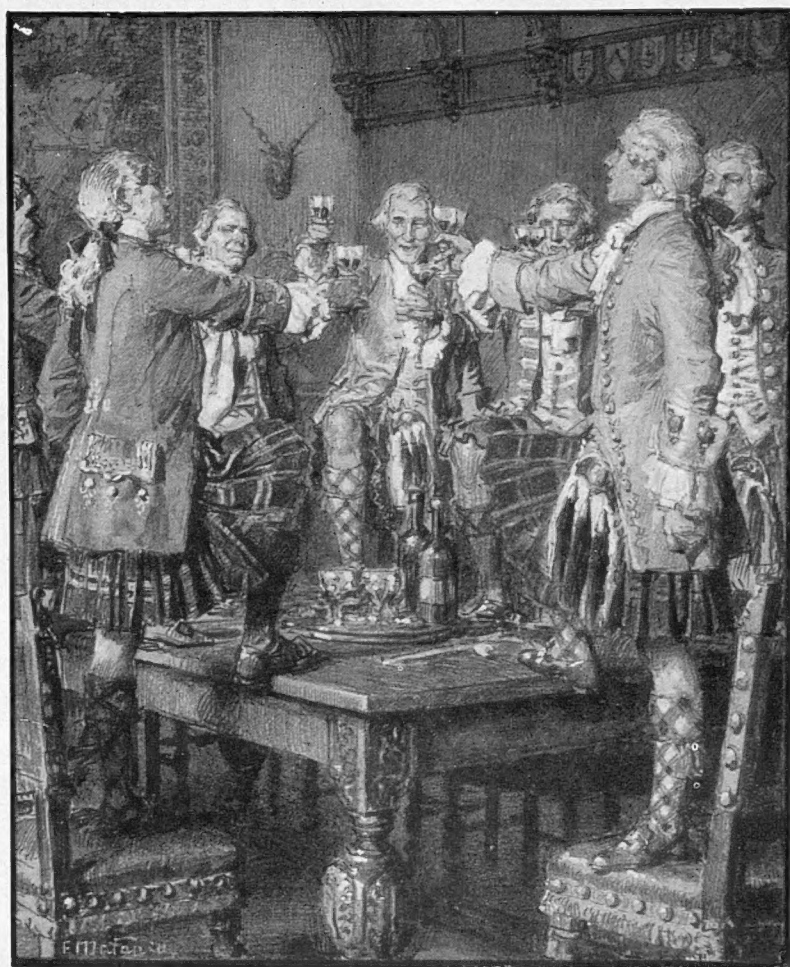
SIXTH SENSE!

RADIO has set signposts in the seas! The 'seeing-ears' which steer shipping safely through fogs are radio devices. Soon the vast experience of radio-electronics now being devoted by G.E.C. to the cause of Victory will be re-directed to the arts of peace. And your post-war Radio and Television will

be much the finer instruments for the new skill and knowledge we have gained during five years' national service.

G.E.C.
RADIO & TELEVISION

'THE SOUND AND SIGHT OF THE FUTURE'



Highland honours

How and why the picturesque custom of giving a toast with "Highland honours" arose seems to be lost in antiquity—perhaps some Gaelic authority can enlighten us.

But here is the manner of it.

The Chairman rising and putting his left foot on the chair and his right on the table proposes a health with Highland honours. All the company rise and following the Chairman's example, he then gives the following orders.

"Suas e Suas e Suas e" (up with it)
the whole company raise glasses above their heads

"Sios e Sios e Sios e" (down with it)
glasses lowered to breast level

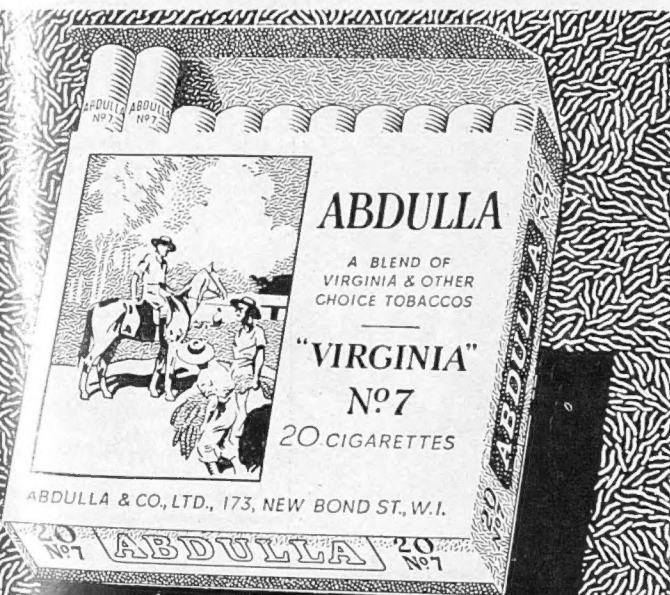
"Null e Null e Null e" (thither with it)
all glasses held out the full extent of the arm

"Nall e Nall e Nall e" (hither with it)
all glasses brought back to the face

The glasses are then drained completely (no heel taps) three loud cheers given and the name of the person toasted shouted. "A ris A ris" (again, again) brings a finale in an extra cheer and for especially honoured toasts the glasses are flung over the left shoulder and smashed.

Schweppes
Table Waters
famous since 1790

★ Temporarily giving place to the standard war time product—but Schweppes will return with victory.



At 2/8d. for 20, Abdulla No. 7 is a cigarette* of outstanding quality with a charm of its own—a charm which comes from superb tobacco and masterly manufacture. It's larger and firmer than the ordinary cigarette, too.

P.S. In the wardrooms of H.M. Navy, they smoke literally millions of No. 7 every year—and you know what sailors are!

* For
Virginia
smokers

ABDULLA No. 7

Great Scotch!



Old Angus is a noble Scotch, a great Scotch, but how rare it is these days. And why? Until Scotch whisky is distilled again, we must go gently with our stocks, so that now and in the future old friends may meet and talk with old friends warmed by the amber glow of Old Angus.



A NOBLE SCOTCH

Gentle as a lamb

Old Angus

OA6c

Leisure for Beauty

BY ARRANGEMENT
WITH H.M.V



That drudgery may be eliminated from post-war homes is the purpose behind the H.M.V. labour-saving electrical household appliances which will make their handsome appearance with the coming of peace.

H.M.V.

ELECTRICAL HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

ELECTRIC IRONS • ELECTRIC WASHERS • RADIANT FIRES
ROOM HEATERS • HOT PLATES • COOKERS • REFRIGERATORS



"777"
Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY
AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS
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RAINCOAT—SUPPLIES NOW,
HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

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Manufactured
entirely in
London,
England



Take care of
your Barling
Pipe. When available the very limited
supplies are sent to Barling Agents.

Prices are as follows:

	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Standard or Sandblast	10/6	13/6	16/6	20/-
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Selected Grains	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-

Letters S.S., S-M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and Extra Large.

Index of sizes clearly marked on each stem.

Manufactured by

B. BARLING & SONS (Est. in London 1812)

"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes."



Thank goodness I always bought

'Viyella'

Service Shirts

Cool when it's hot

—warm when it's not



'Viyella' and 'Clydella' women's service shirts—always paint-fresh, supremely washable and hard-wearing. In regulation khaki, Air Force blue and white. Write for name of nearest stockist.

W5

LEMON HART RUM

The
Golden Spirit

With Lemon, Orange or Lime.
A Winner every time!

KYNOCH

of KEITH SCOTLAND



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KYNOCH SCARVES

KYNOCH, 2, SAVILE ROW, W.1.

Parkinson's

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Est. 1817

Old
Fashioned
Thumbbugs
Old
Fashioned
Butter Drops

Excellent Flavour
Consistent Quality
Genuine Value



Twomax REAL SCOTCH KNITWEAR



The March of Time
will not outpace the
high standard set by
"TWOMAX"
Real Scotch Knitwear

Obtainable from all good Stores
We cannot supply the Public direct

McCLURE & McINTOSH LTD.
GLASGOW



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Enquiries (Wholesale only):
Nicoll Clothes
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE
LONDON, W.1

Nicolls of Regent Street
120 Regent Street London W.1 Tel. Regent 1951



What is wrong with this picture?

Which is the most glaring mistake here? Surely the fact that the girls have FORTUNE Chocolates. Caley aren't making FORTUNE now—and can't until after the war. The other errors are perhaps not quite so evident. But, look at those desks, aren't they the wrong way round? Doesn't the map show England and Wales only? Would a girls' school be open at 7 o'clock? And the spelling? (Don't expect you'll need any help with that!)

CALEY

★ By the way, although FORTUNE Chocolates can't be made until we've a factory of our own again, there's still Norwich Chocolate for you to enjoy.


CHOCOLATE

Famous for Fine
Quality



LIMITED SUPPLIES
FROM
FAMILY GROCERS



Pointing the way to 
Berry's

**WIRES
 FITTINGS
 SWITCHGEAR
 WATER HEATERS**

for post-war reconstruction

BERRY'S ELECTRIC LTD. LONDON · BIRMINGHAM · MANCHESTER · NEWCASTLE

Songs and Games



Remember golf? — with brogues and a jacket of many colours to go with it? Remember winter sports? — with full kit, including sticking plaster? Remember beach holidays? — the bathing suits, wraps, rubber soled shoes? Remember evenings of dancing in white tie and tails? All these things belong to that part of the Austin Reed service which will stage a come back — perhaps sooner than many of us think.

*The Austin Reed Service
 will be there*

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Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
 in original OLD FASHIONED
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Unsurpassed in quality although
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Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported
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 Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported
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Half Coronas 1/2

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175 years of fine footwear for town
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For more than 175 years the name of Norwell's
 has stood for everything that is best in foot-
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 To-day, even though the better qualities are
 in very short supply, this assurance of value
 is an inestimable boon to those who have to
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 OF PERTH

Trust the man behind the boot.



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